Think of These Children *Walter F. Mondale*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Economics on the New Left

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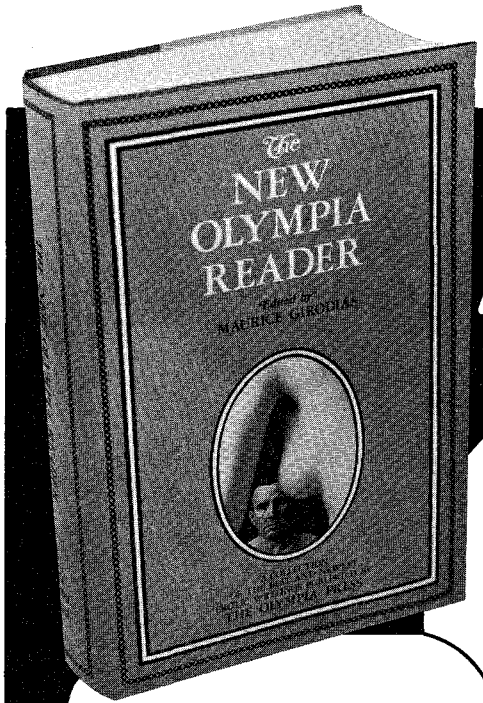

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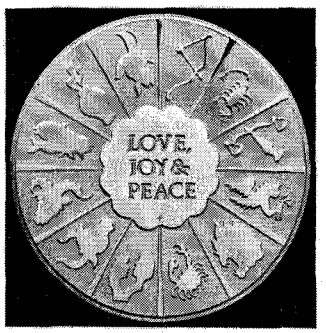

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TRB®

from Washington

Hello-Goodbye

In the uproar of Grand Central Station 50 years ago the dean of the University of Pennsylvania called a Red Cap. "Why, Ray," he said, "what are you doing here?" – and did not wait for an answer. It was obvious what the student, Ray Alexander, was doing; he was trying to survive. He had graduated in three years with highest honors but had been denied school membership in any honorary society because he was black.

That was 1920: fifty years ago. The boy wanted to go to Harvard Law School but was strapped. He had married a girl (who also graduated in three years with high honors and later became one of the first black women to get a PhD). Some professors at Harvard gave Alexander enough academic chores to do to keep him alive and he joined the 400 in the freshman law class. It included eight black entrants, highest in history because of postwar veterans' allowances.

It was a grim business. When a white classmate said "Hello" that about ended the social side. Law clubs barred Negroes, and a new black club was started that only partly filled the vacuum. To survive meant spending virtually all the time in the law library. Alexander won out. Professors encouraged his ambition to practice law back in Philadelphia. Dean Pound and Professor Williston wrote letters of recommendation to the same prestigious law firm.

Alexander got copies of the letters and replies and was told that now all would be well. His future was assured. Meanwhile on the side he was upgraded to Pullman porter, and helped A. Philip Randolph organize the $30-a-month blacks, while between times he passed the Philadelphia bar exams.

Clad in a new, conservative suit and armed with his letters, Alexander nervously went to the law firm. The receptionist stared and doubted that he had a personal appointment to see Mister Big. "Oh," said Alexander, "I do, and here are my letters from Harvard." She disappeared with letters without asking him to have a seat. Down the hall a door opened and a woman looked out, stared, and closed the door.

Alexander was still standing when Mister Big came out and greeted him. "So – you are Alexander. How nice to know you." He read the letters silently and remarked, "How nice of the professors to speak so well of you. But I am afraid there has been a mistake. I'm very sorry. We can't use you." Courteously he returned the letters, took Alexander's arm, slowly walked him to the elevator, pushed the button and said "Goodbye."

Alexander moved to the rear of the elevator and suddenly, impulsively, burst into a flood of tears, something he hadn't done since his mother died. The operator stopped the car and asked apprehensively, "Did something happen to you? Can I do anything?"

Today Judge Raymond Pace Alexander is senior judge of the Court of Common Pleas, No. 4, in Philadelphia and author and public figure. He was one who didn't quit. As Judge Alexander says in a recent issue of the Cornell Law Forum, most top law firms in Philadelphia today have black staff lawyers. Times have changed.

Breaking Through

Here at the end of 1970 it is appropriate for a minute to consider that change. Without doubt, race is the greatest problem in the United States. It is so big and pervasive that generally we don't talk about it much. One American in 10 is black. Russia has no such problem; neither has China. America has prosperity unparalleled in the history of civilization but the disparity of the distribution of that wealth and the agonizing racial inequality weaken the whole; we could become like a great tree with a hollow trunk.

Sometimes a climber pauses on a ledge and looks up and feels that the height is almost unscalable. But then looking down his heart leaps at the sight of how far he has come. We are in the midst of boiling social change. Here in Washington a generation ago the principal theater stopped showing plays for two years because the proprietors wouldn't admit Negroes below the second balcony. It is hard to credit that now.

When TRB was a boy the *World Almanac* matter-of-factly listed the number of lynchings each year and there were always several hundred. Some were orgies of animalistic hate as blacks were burned at the stake. Henry L. Mencken loved to shock the unctuous and wrote that the true ambition of every gutsy reporter was to see a real lynching . . . . The new 1971 *Almanac* is just out and does not even mention lynchings.

Once a year, maybe at Christmas, we ought to stop and think how far we have come instead of how far we must go. Lest it breed complacency, it can be considered along with the 1968 Kerner Commission report, which brought an indictment of "white racism." The Negro can never forget, it said, the implications of the ghetto: "white institutions created it; white institutions maintain it, and white society condones it."

The Kerner report said that somehow the suburbs must be breached; not to do so "would make permanent the division of our country into two societies; one, largely Negro and poor, located in the central cities; the other, predominantly white and affluent, located in the suburbs and outlying areas." This, it said, would produce a garrison state. It was a powerful and probably accurate forecast. Lest we relax, remember that just last week President Nixon flatly told his press conference that he opposed using the leverage of the federal government to push racial integration in the suburbs.

Nevertheless, once a year, at this time of wreaths and carols, we might take some pride in what we have done. Other nations are smug but they can't even conceive our problem. Injustices continue but nobody can study overall statistics without seeing the direction we are going; the pressure is irreversible, short of national disaster. The boy sobbing in the elevator is still with us but remember, he did not turn to bitterness and bomb-throwing but instead broke paths for others. More break through that path every year and there is no end in sight. So let's, for a minute, consider not how far we must go but how far we have come. Pause, friends, for station identification.

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Military Maneuvers

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt was asked by a Naval commander whether it was true, as reported in the newspapers, that Congress had authorized and appropriated money for such and such number of new ships. The President was amused. Yes, he said, the report was accurate. Then, lifting his arm off his desk and shaking an imaginary number of additional warships out of his sleeve, he added, "But I have a few more up here." That is the way it was and is. The difference is that today, the military and the President ask for more and get more, and if the Congress and the public don't always know exactly what they're going to get, so what? Whenever the Congress does become nervous that the military may be about to produce another unwanted and very expensive child, it is reassured by being told that the lady is only a little pregnant. That is what it was told during the debate over the Antiballistic Missile system. That is what it is being told about the Supersonic Transport. And there are occasions when it is not even told that.

Taking alarm, Senator Fulbright is now warning us that "the military establishment runs nearly the whole country." They, as Fulbright puts it, have the money, the machinery for influencing opinion and the clout with the President and the Congress to carry the day any day, in any week. Their successes *are* so stunning that the exaggeration is forgivable. Fulbright's remark was made on "Face the Nation" less than a month ago. Since then, several things have happened which illustrate how military-industrial interests manage to get most of what they want, with or without explicit legislative assent.

On December 7, *The New York Times* reported that the Defense Department, without consulting Congress, had directed the Air Force to begin "hardening" 500 Minuteman missile silos against possible attack. The complete process, which involves reinforcing the silos with concrete and steel while they are being fitted with the new Minuteman III, would make the missiles less vulnerable to destruction while they are still on the ground. The project will cost as much as $1 billion. The Defense Department, however, was skittish about discussing the green light which Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard had given the Air Force: DoD lacked congressional authorization to go ahead; moreover, there was some fear that the news might have an unsettling effect on arms talks with the Russians. The Pentagon was so hesitant

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that Secretary Laird forgot to mention the matter to the Senate Defense Appropriations Subcommittee when, last November, he pleaded for reinstatement of $50-million in "research" funds that had been cut from the Defense budget. The research money, he said, "would be particularly essential *if* we decide to upgrade the hardness of the existing silos" [italics added]. But the decision had already been made; the Air Force had told Boeing to proceed with such things as hiring, lining up subcontractors, equipping the project and preparing for work at Ellsworth Air Force Base in South Dakota and Warren Air Force Base in Wyoming.

Since the bulk of the cost of "hardening" will ultimately have to be specifically approved by Congress, the Defense Department will, someday, be obliged to stop denying that it is doing what it is doing. Meanwhile, the work can proceed. The occasion for an announcement and a specific explanation of the project will probably come in the fiscal 1972 budget that is to be presented to Congress in January. Following the *Times* report, the Pentagon denied that it had in fact "authorized a start on this proposed hardening program at this time," but the newspaper stood by its sources. Once the project is underway and "research" dollars or whatever else they may be called have been invested, there is little possibility of the process being reversed.

The Supersonic Transport shows how difficult it is to stop once a substantial amount of money has been put into going forward. President Kennedy promised in 1963 that the government's investment in the SST would not be allowed to exceed $750 million. We've already spent $780 million on it, and estimates of total cost now run to $4 billion. Never mind that a great many economists and most environmentalists think the SST was a blunder from the start, and that it's foolish to throw good money after bad. To the President (and Boeing) calling it off would be like "stopping construction of a house when it was time to put in the doors."

A solid hunk of the $210 million contained in the SST "compromise" that has been worked out between the House (which approved the $290 million requested) and the Senate (which voted no money) was spent before Congress even began to deliberate the question. $105 million of it has been expended so far this year – approved by the government's General Accounting Office and drawn from what are called "available unobligated balances." The President said it would cost $278 million to terminate the SST contracts – nearly as much as it would cost to go forward – but he didn't say that his figure includes the $105 million.

This sort of commitment on the installment plan – buy now and pay later – is becoming settled practice, though we would have thought the "military establishment" could get just about all it wanted without resorting to the device of a foot in the door. The military is not without powerful friends in Congress. Nevertheless Congress is frequently ignored, to facilitate things. When, without advance warning to the legislators, Mr. Nixon decided to invade Cambodia last April, he was able to divert to that operation $100 million in military assistance intended for Taiwan, Greece, Turkey, Indonesia and Latin America. The Military Assistance Act of 1961 gives the President considerable latitude in transferring funds from one category to another – from military aid to economic, from economic to military. He can, on national interest grounds, take up to $300-million from Defense Department stocks and give it to any country he chooses. Subsequently it must be accounted for, Congress must be informed within 30 days (in the case of Cambodia it was the 30th day), and money must be restored to its original purpose. Some $100 million of the $255 million in the military assistance authorization for Cambodia thus will go not to Cambodia but to Taiwan, Greece and Turkey, from which it was summarily snatched last spring. The remaining $155 million is new money ($85 million for military assistance; $70 million for economic aid) for use in Cambodia during the remainder of the current fiscal year.

The military assistance bill, including funds for Cambodia, cleared the Foreign Relations Committee only after that committee added a prohibition against US ground troops and military advisers in Cambodia. But lest the Foreign Relations Committee take unto itself too much authority, there were veiled threats from the State Department and from military spokesmen in the House that the Cambodia bill would be brought up for a vote, whether or not the committee went along. The immediate threat was a rule change that would permit money to be appropriated without an authorization. A "friend" of the committee at State, phoning a committee staff member to urge clearance of the military assistance bill, emphasized how important it is that policy control over military assistance be kept at State and in the Foreign Relations Committee; and those jurisdictions are threatened by the Defense Department and its Senate counterpart, the Armed Services Committee. So don't rock the boat. The gist of the telephoned threat, if it was that, is that if Foreign Relations doesn't play ball with the military, then bills will be drafted for consideration by Armed Services.

The Lockheed affair is a further example of how the military maneuvers to get its way. Top Pentagon officials, reportedly on the verge of approving a multi-million-dollar bailout arrangement to save the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. from bankruptcy, are bullying the General Accounting Office to make sure that the government's watchdog agency doesn't pry loose any last-minute information that endangers Lockheed's welfare package on Capitol Hill. Although present law gives the GAO authority to investigate "all matters relating to the receipt, disbursement and application of public funds," the Pentagon has refused steadfastedly to let

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GAO conduct a meaningful audit of Lockheed's trouble-plagued military programs. The information blackout applies to the C-5A cargo plane, SRAM (short-range attack) missile, Cheyenne helicopter and various shipbuilding projects – programs that may cost the taxpayer more than $10 billion if all are completed.

In the type of charade that has become customary in the Pentagon's dealings with its critics, Defense officials first refused to talk with the GAO at all but later modified their position slightly to permit the agency to review the records of the Lockheed programs but only on grounds that the GAO not remove any records from the Pentagon and that GAO auditors not write down any numbers. Although there is no apparent precedent or authority for the Pentagon's ruling, Defense officials say the prohibitions are necessary because of the "sensitivity" of the disputed programs.

Pressures for a full GAO audit have come from Sen. William Proxmire (D, Wis.) and Rep. William S. Moorhead (D, Pa.), who are unsure that Lockheed can deliver the 42 C-5As due by next year even if the company gets the full $640 million in relief money it is seeking. Proxmire has expressed apprehensions that the giant contractor's real problem is with the L-1011 Trijet airbus, which is taking a severe beating from McDonnell Douglas' DC-10 in purchase orders from commercial airlines. Proxmire has been pressing the Pentagon all year, without success, for a cash flow statement breaking down Lockheed's current expenditures, program by program, to make sure no government agency money is being shifted to the L-1011. The proposed GAO audit was a last-minute gambit designed to arm Congress with full information on Lockheed's financial status before the bailout package emerges from the Pentagon. Congress already has voted the first $200 million of bailout money but none can be obligated until the Pentagon informs the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees on how it plans to resolve its differences with Lockheed. Pentagon negotiators are thought to be willing to pay the company all but about $150 million of the $640 million now in dispute.

What is surprising about the GAO's position is the agency's refusal to demand a full audit of the Pentagon's records, unencumbered by any of the silly restrictions the Pentagon has laid down. The GAO has a reputation for toughness in its reviews of domestic programs, a reputation recently bolstered by scathing criticisms of the Job Corps program, rulings that practically dismantled the "Philadelphia Plan" for hiring of minority workers on government construction jobs, and the discovery last summer that Walter J. Hickel, the recently ousted Interior Secretary, had spent $40,000 to remodel his government office. The agency is particularly hard-nosed in its dealings with small firms on fixed-price contracts – the same type of contractual arrangement involved in the C-5 dispute. Consider the GAO's ruling last year when a small black-owned firm in Pittsburgh – Darrow, Darrow and Associates – sought an additional $22,174 on an HEW contract to produce a film for "minority group sensitivity training" (HEW had ordered the film expanded from 30 to 60 minutes but in so doing increased the original $35,000 contract by only $15,000): "Your acceptance of the contract with no exception to any of its provisions fixed the rights and liabilities of the parties thereto. You assumed the responsibility of furnishing the required services at the agreed upon price, and the government is not obligated to pay additional amounts for contract performance solely by reason of difficulties you might have experienced in performing the contract."

Yet the GAO is apparently unconcerned with military boondoggling in the billions. Because of the GAO's double standard, the Defense Department may be able to rewrite not only the existing C-5 contract but every other fixed-price weapons contract (all executed under the McNamara and Clifford regimes – new ones are cost plus fixed fee) into timely settlements for ailing military contractors. That the Pentagon has no intention of holding contractors' feet to the fire was indicated in the remarks of Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard before the House Military Operations Subcommittee last September: "Fixed price doesn't mean a thing. If he [the weapons maker] doesn't have the funds, he doesn't finish. I don't see how we can use this [a fixed-price contract] on some of these big programs." Get set for a long welfare line of hungry defense contractors.

The Nixon Watch

This Is Conciliation?

Mr. Nixon's choices of a new Ambassador to the United Nations and a new Secretary of the Treasury may or may not turn out to be the triumphs of statesmanship and acumen that he obviously thought they were. But he unquestionably scored a triumph of another and, to him, perhaps more important kind. Judging by the general reporting of his activities in mid-December, he succeeded in purveying a notion that he had put his abrasive performance in the 1970 political campaign behind him. Now we had a different Nixon if not another "new Nixon." This different Nixon was in a mood to forgive his lately abused enemies and conciliate his critics. His problems in the next two years, the two years before the 1972 elections, were to be everybody's problems and particularly the Democrats'

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problems, and he was prepared and anxious to work them out in that generous spirit.

Such was the thrust, the attained objective, of the first press conference he had held in four months, and of the busy round of personal appearances that followed it. His success in projecting the desired impression was remarkable, considering the total content and meaning of what he said and did. Mr. Nixon did not give an inch on any issue that really mattered to him. His actual stance was tougher, his determination to get the things he wanted done in the way he wanted them done was firmer and more apparent than before he set out to create an impression of conciliatory change.

He remarked at his press conference that he had expected more questions than he got about the 1970 elections and the outcome that he had previously called "an enormous ideological success" for his Administration and the Republican Party. The impression was left that he would have moderated that boast if he had been invited to. Maybe; but in fact he could have and didn't. He had campaigned "to the best of my ability" for candidates who would support him and afterward "I commented upon the election and gave my views on it." His responsibility "now that the people have spoken" was to work with the victors and he hoped that "Democrats and Republicans will work with the President." Would he again discard such Republican mavericks as Senator Charles Goodell of New York, who was read out of the party at the President's instance and defeated? "Under no circumstances," Mr. Nixon said, affirming a pledge that he had already made in private to two worried Republican moderates, Senators Edward Brooke of Massachusetts and Charles Percy of Illinois. In 1972, he would support "all of those Republicans" who ran for the Senate. Some of them were "members of what is called the liberal wing of the party. But they are Republicans. We welcome them. We want them. We need both" – meaning, conservatives and liberals alike. It was said in the tone of a President who had made his point to the tolerated liberals and was content with the result.

A questioner suggested that he had, as his Scranton Commission on Campus Unrest had charged in a report neglected for 11 weeks, failed to convey to the country "a sufficiently sharp and clear sense of direction, vision and leadership." In his answers orally at the conference and in a formal reply to the commission, Mr. Nixon acknowledged no failure whatever in that respect. Leadership was a task for many people other than the President, college administrators included, and he ranked one of the commission's particular though unnamed targets, Vice President Agnew, high among those who had given the country the kind of leadership it needed. The commission chairman, former Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, fulsomely thanked the President for at last commenting upon the report and saying that he had actually read it.

A question that went to the core of the President's domestic attitudes and policies was how far he proposed to go in using his wide federal powers "to promote racial integration in suburban housing." The President answered, "Only to the extent that the law requires," and he added for good measure: "I believe that forced integration of the suburbs is not in the national interest." It was the doctrine that had governed Mr. Nixon's approach to public school desegregation and that underlay his concept of national leadership – a concept that had been greatly narrowed since he said in 1968 that the next President's duty to America would be to "calm its angers, ease its terrible frictions, and bring its people together once again in peace and mutual respect."

Mr. Nixon said that he would leave to his prospective Democratic opponents in 1972 "the speculation that you might be a one-term President." His choices for the UN Ambassadorship and the next Secretary of the Treasury should have removed any doubts that he was determined at the close of 1970 to be a two-term President. Congressman and Ambassador-to-be George Bush of Texas, who had lost his race for the Senate, is a rich and bright young Republican who had not previously displayed the "enormous interest in the United Nations" that Mr. Nixon suddenly discovered. The marked differences between Bush, a conservative politician in the best sense of the term, and outgoing White House Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan, Mr. Nixon's first choice for the job, suggested that the President had no clear idea of what the UN required and a very clear idea that potential 1972 vote-winners were required wherever they could be placed.

The votes that Mr. Nixon had immediately in mind were the 26 Texas electoral votes, a fact that became apparent when he appeared in the White House press room on December 14 with his chosen replacement for Treasury Secretary David M. Kennedy. A reporter who telephoned the news to a liberal Democratic senator right after the announcement heard the senator say, "*Connally*? Not *John* Connally! Not Governor Connally of Texas!" and then break into baffled laughter. It was indeed former Governor John Connally of Texas – a Democrat by formal tie, a profoundly conservative lawyer and rancher and oilmen's man, Lyndon Johnson's man, now identified as the ideal and superlative Nixocrat. Mr. Nixon, praising Secretary Kennedy while he ousted him and consigned him to the probably empty status and honor of Ambassador-at-Large in the State Department, said that he intended to signify with this appointment that "The problems that we face at home and abroad . . . are not Republican problems or Democratic problems. They are American problems," problems to be approached in the next two years "in a bipartisan spirit." He had briefly tried to

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recruit at least one prominent Democrat for his first Cabinet and now he had a special kind of Democrat, a politician and official of proven ability but not necessarily one who would achieve the bipartisan miracles the President anticipated. The liberal Democrats and Republicans whom the President professed to be placating in words regarded Connally with more respect than affection and they could be expected to take him for what he clearly was: a stalker for Nixon votes and conceivably, as some people in Washington instantly speculated, Spiro Agnew's replacement on a bipartisan ticket in 1972.

The show of conciliation did not extend to Vietnam. Mr. Nixon indicated, in plain terms that aroused more interpretive argument than they required, that he was prepared to resume the bombing of North Vietnam and inflict upon the whole of Indochina all of the death and destruction that he might deem necessary in order to preserve and continue his policy of phased American withdrawal from South Vietnam. Three times in the course of one answer to a press conference question, he said that he wanted to make clear "*this* President's understanding" of what he was entitled to do and determined to do if the North Vietnamese so much as dared "by their infiltration" to "threaten our remaining forces" in South Vietnam. In effect, he substituted his "understanding" for Lyndon Johnson's prior "understanding" with Hanoi that in return for a halt to the bombing the North Vietnamese would not bombard South Vietnamese cities, shoot at US reconnaissance planes, or send reinforcements from North into South Vietnam across the border's Demilitarized Zone. He would continue to go through the motions of negotiations in Paris, but "we have no great hopes of them." His statement amounted to a confession, if any were needed, that it was still an open-ended war, to be sustained by indefinite involvement in South Vietnam and expanding involvement in Cambodia.

John Osborne

Mayor Daley's Smart, But What Else?

In his defense of Mayor Richard Daley and Chicago machine politics Andrew Greeley ("Take Heart from The Heartland" *NR*, December 12, 1970) correctly argues that Daley is a master practitioner of ethnic politics. Daley's shrewd slating of Adlai Stevenson III for the Senate is only one of countless examples of his skill. There is little doubt that in the Senate Stevenson will vote to substantially reorient priorities, a *sine qua non* for social change. As Greeley pointed out, the Chicago machine has helped elect reformers such as Paul Douglas and the present senator's father. But to imply that the slating of such men in 1948 or 1970 signifies the machine's commitment to reform is nonsense. Such men as Douglas or Stevenson are nominated by the machine only when it needs straight-ticket voting because it is in trouble locally, and to the machine a Senator is unimportant in comparison to local – city and county – offices with their abundant patronage and powers of tax-assessment and fraud investigation. To Daley and the machine, the political goal is preservation of jobs and power. By rolling up a 500,000-vote plurality in Cook County, Stevenson carried Daley's hacks to victory in the patronage-rich sheriff and assessor races. In the sheriff's race, for example, Democrat Richard Elrod, whose credentials consist primarily of a flying tackle on Brian Flanegan during the Weathermen "Days of Rage," won by only 10,000 votes.

Greeley's ethnic breakdown of Chicago's new congressional delegation is correct but misleading in that it implies the machine grants fair representation to ethnic groups and minorities. Chicago's machine has been and still is dominated by the Irish. Poles, Jews, Italians, but especially blacks and Spanish-speaking groups, have been and are discriminated against. (Sexual discrimination is almost total.) Chicago *will* send its second black machine man to the next Congress, but while the city's black population is conservatively estimated at 35 percent of the total, black Chicagoans have: 22 percent of the congressman, 20 percent of the alderman, six percent of the mayor's cabinet, innumerable white precinct captains and ward committeemen, 16 percent of the police force (virtually unrepresented among the brass), 27 percent of the public school board and four percent of the school principals (57 percent of the students are black). Though the figures are more disproportionate for other categories from judgeships to firemen, the percentage game itself is misleading. ADA voting profiles and other studies (e.g. Greenstone, *Labor in American Politics*) establish that nationally and locally Chicago machine Democrats, white and black, are significantly less liberal than their non-machine urban Democratic peers. According to *The New Republic* ratings (October 24, 1970) Chicago Democrats (excluding Rep. Abner Mikva whose initial bid for office was opposed by the machine) voted the recommended way less than 66 percent of the time. In comparison, the percentage of the New York City Democrats whom Greeley lectures is 84 percent. Again, such figures are misleading, for Chicago Democrats are much more liberal in Congress than in Chicago!

Throughout the agitation by blacks during the 1960s, Mayor Daley labelled demonstrators "Communists" and sought injunctions and ordinances to curb demonstrations. In 1959 the US Commission on Civil

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Rights found Chicago the most residentially segregated city in the country. Daley has yet to enforce existing laws and revoke a single realtor's license for racial discrimination. In 1965 when federal Commissioner of Education Keppel suspended federal funds to Chicago's segregated schools, the mayor immediately obtained release of the funds. Daley's promises to Martin Luther King after the 1966 open occupancy marches have yet to be kept. Rampant discrimination persists at the public school that trains apprentices for the building trades, despite repeated pledges and plans by Daley. Greeley argued that Daley stumbled at the 1968 convention because of his lack of familiarity with the "youth culture." There is another explanation. Chicago police react according to how they are expected to react. When civil rights activists peacefully picketing Daley's home were assaulted by a white mob, Daley denounced the demonstrators; the police ignored the mob and arrested the marchers. When 11 blacks were killed by police and guardsmen during a riot five months before the convention, Daley criticized the restraint of the police and issued a "shoot to kill" order.

It is said that demonstrations by blacks arouse the fears of white ethnics and thus force Daley to act tough, but that elsewhere the mayor "supports . . . such demands in ways that will not drive other groups out of his coalition." Does he? Throughout the 1960s

"My gears are still workin'."

there were no demonstrations over hospital discrimination. And studies show there was no change in the rigid discrimination practiced by white, private hospitals either. The public hospital is swamped by blacks (40 percent of whom are *not* charity patients; they are able to pay but unable to get admitted elsewhere) to a degree that hospital accreditation has been a problem for a decade. In 15 years the only time Daley revoked the license of a private hospital was when negligence resulted in the death of an infant of a middle-class white couple.

Daley is powerful for three reasons. First, the Republicans in Illinois – despite Senator Percy and Representative John Anderson – are so reactionary, so opposed to civil rights and social welfare legislation, that blacks and to a lesser degree white ethnics have no real alternative. Second, Daley uses the resources of the machine not to solve social problems but to combat the possibility of an independent alternative arising on the left. The Stevensons are slated to help elect the hacks. The local NAACP is neutralized by packing its meetings and officer board with black patronage workers. A black, independent aldermanic candidate is mysteriously shot. Black ministers whose congregations suffer from inadequate building code enforcement but who offer their churches to Dr. King and his marchers are suddenly visited by the building inspectors and presented with the alternatives of expensive remodeling, closing their facilities or being less hospitable to Dr. King. Black street gangs and their violence are largely ignored until the gangs turn political and then Daley gets into bed with Senator McClellan to stop such dangerous goings-on. Finally, while ignoring the needs of the black and the poor, Daley consistently supported the interests and prejudices of the business and upper-income white community.

Greeley's attempt to have academics and students extend their concern to the lower-middle-class ethnic and his problems is commendable. But Greeley is seriously mistaken in saying that the mayor is an asset to the little man, white or black. Though they are hidden under Chicago's relative prosperity, Daley's manner and record are quite similar, *mutatis mutandis*, to those of the machine boys in the South. Both value power and office above all else. Both deny justice to blacks. Both manipulate racism and deliver largely symbolic benefits to poor whites. Both devote their power and energy to satisfying the businessman and the rich.

During his 15 years as mayor, Daley has accomplished much in physically renewing Chicago. But this has been at the expense of the man at or near the bottom, both white (unless he's a member of the building trades) and black. Expressways and urban renewal projects which Daley pushes serve suburban commuters and downtown businessmen but increase the severe shortage of low-cost housing. The mayor's projects have destroyed Polish and Italian homes and com-

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munities as well as those of blacks. The average white ethnic does not want blacks in his neighborhood. Daley publicly responds to this fear by denouncing demonstrations and failing to enforce anti-discrimination ordinances. Yet his construction projects have forced the black community and the white ethnics to fight it out over the available housing.

Greeley did not mention: that Daley's anti-pollution board is packed with steel and utility polluters/executives; that one of the hacks carried to reelection as tax assessor on Stevenson's coattails was exposed for failure to adequately assess the property of the rich; that Daley's head of housing is not only a slumlord but is receiving over $100,000 from businessmen to arrange an urban renewal project that will displace white and black poor. Nor did Greeley explain why Chicago businessmen, strongly Republican and conservative in state and national politics, have repeatedly contributed to and campaigned for the reelection of Richard Daley.

Tom Kelly

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Why Is the US So Afraid of Coalition?

Going Nowhere in Paris

by George McT. Kahin

Paris

Through 1969 it was evident that the Nixon Administration was uninterested in ending the Vietnam war through negotiating a compromise settlement. The same is true today. And as before, its portrayal of the enemy's negotiating position appears calculated to convince Americans that no real basis exists for compromise, and thus there's little reason for concern over the continuing impasse in Paris.

One of the major obstacles to any progress is the question of sequence – which comes first, an armistice or a political settlement. Related to this are basic differences concerning the nature of a cease-fire. The NLF (PRG) and Hanoi are willing immediately to work out a cease-fire with American forces and begin negotiations for the release of war prisoners, if we undertake to withdraw by a stipulated time. Contrary to the impression conveyed by Administration spokesmen, this proposal is not dependent upon and can be dealt with separately from the other points outlined by Madame Binh last September 27. Thus, independent of the resolution of other issues, the US can have a cease-fire and an end to the killing of Americans, along with negotiations for the release of prisoners, as soon as it gives an assurance of withdrawal of all of our troops by a fixed date somewhere in the neighborhood of next summer. (June 30, 1971 does not appear to be an unalterable date, but rather subject to negotiation.) But we cannot have this and stipulate a Vietnamese political settlement of our choice as well.

Our adversaries are proposing a bilateral cease-fire with us which could cover our non-Vietnamese allies, but could not be extended to Saigon's forces, since they insist that any armistice between the Vietnamese factions must be preceded by a political settlement. Deeply etched on their minds is the memory of the American backing of Diem when he refused to abide by the political half of the Geneva agreements after an armistice had been secured. As Madame Binh put it to me: "Once before in 1954 we agreed to an armistice first that was to be followed by a political settlement – a political settlement that was in fact never carried out; that is a precedent we will always remember and we do not want to have that happen again."

The phrasing of President Nixon's five-point October 7 speech has reinforced the NLF's and Hanoi's conclusion that the US will not accept Vietnamese self-determination but will continue to "impose" an army-dominated Saigon government on the people of South Vietnam for an indefinite period, protecting it with a

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large residual American force. They read his statement, "a fair political solution should reflect the *existing* relationship of political forces" (my italics), as meaning the maintenance of an artificial political balance reflecting a heavy weight of outside military power on the Vietnamese political scales in behalf of General Thieu. They see Nixon's proposed cease-fire-in-place as a means for keeping Thieu's regime in place and as designed to ensure his administration's control over those large areas currently held for him, directly or indirectly, by American, Korean, and other non-Vietnamese armed forces. They are very much aware that the maximum NLF representation which the US is prepared to accept in any future southern government would be commensurate only with those geographical areas from which these alien military forces and Saigon have been unable to oust NLF administration. They will not agree to any calculation of "the existing relationship of political forces" that classifies as supporters of Thieu those NLF adherents obliged by US fire-power to flee from rural areas into cities and refugee camps.

They believe that President Nixon is unalterably committed to maintaining a separate and anti-Communist South Vietnamese state, and that if its military viability were to be threatened he would send in additional US troops to shore it up. (And here one should note that in contrast to his earlier speeches, the President now makes no mention of an ultimate right of the Vietnamese to reunify their country; indeed, he speaks of a "structure of peace" which seems to postulate the permanent division of the Vietnamese people into what he describes as two "free and independent" nations – a "nation" of South Vietnam and a "nation" of North Vietnam.)

"If you was negotiating in Paris, you wouldn't be in a hurry, either . . ."

The NLF argues that self-determination, whether through elections or any other process, cannot be achieved under the aegis of a Saigon administration resting on (and in their view acting as agent for) an intervening American military power. Thus, they continue to call for a transitional phase wherein power is shared by all South Vietnamese factions in a coalition made up of "three components" – the NLF(PRG), the existing Saigon government minus its three top officials (whom they regard as spokesmen for the US), and those important middle-group political and religious leaders who, they acknowledge, are now attached to neither Saigon nor the NLF. Under this coalition elections would be prepared for and held which would provide for a new constitution and government. The NLF does not insist on any rigid proportions among the three components in the coalition and recognizes that negotiating the details for this will take some time. They state that the balance between the different elements within it should ensure that no one of them could seize control. Since Saigon's armed forces are eight times as large as the NLF's and since the process of "Vietnamization" is supposed to be so successful, they ask why the US is so afraid that in such a coalition its Vietnamese protégés would be submerged.

Both the NLF and Hanoi regard President Nixon's five points as a distinct toughening of the American stand – more conditions and an unwillingness to negotiate unless in terms of a virtual NLF surrender. In particular, his statement that complete American withdrawal will be dependent upon an overall settlement "based on the principles I spelled out previously . . ." signifies to them not simply his continuing insistence upon mutual withdrawal of North Vietnamese and US troops, but also his reiteration of the three criteria for withdrawal emphasized in his previous policy speeches: continuing progress in Vietnamization, maintenance of a low level of hostilities, and progress in the Paris talks. Moreover, they see the President as appointing himself sole arbiter as to whether these conditions are being met to an extent warranting the continued departure of US forces. Since neither the NLF nor Hanoi believes that Vietnamization can succeed, they regard that condition in particular as a backhanded way for the US to insist upon maintaining its troops in Vietnam indefinitely, to reinforce and protect a continuingly inadequate Saigon army.

In sum, neither the NLF nor Hanoi believes that the US is interested in negotiating a settlement, and they did not need a resumption in the bombing of the North to tell them so.

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Economics on the New Left

More than Marxist

"Radicals should attempt to take over economics departments whenever and wherever possible. . . . If you want to know the theory and methods of revolution, you must take part in revolution." This message, with a nod to Mao in its second sentence, was dispatched recently to a new organization of younger economists scattered in the nation's major universities. It should not be concluded that Marx's spectre now haunts the academic establishment, and that an overturn is imminent. The number of "revolutionaries" – members of the Union for Radical Political Economics (URPE) and sympathizers – is probably less than five percent of all college and university economists, though it is growing. The message is important, mainly, because it calls attention to a new intellectual current which is spreading among graduate students and assistant professors and in some institutions (notably Harvard, Berkeley, University of Michigan, Cornell, and the State University of New York at Stony Brook) has inflamed a few famous faculty members of higher rank. Those who catch fire press their views with the passionate urgency of an old time evangelist.

Although "radical" has most often meant Marxist, especially in economics, the term has a much broader meaning in the present context. Some members of URPE are Marxists, and a few are anarchists, but the greater number defy classification because their specific goals are either unformed or as yet unstated. What they have in common is what they oppose, to wit: the Establishment, in its authority and its standards as they prevail in economics as well as in politics, education, culture, and morals. Like Charles Reich in *The Greening of America*, a large number question the democracy of American government and hence despair of working effectively within the system. The lead article in the most important compilation of radical papers to date is entitled "Fascist Democracy in the United States," by Daniel R. Fusfeld, a professor at the University of Michigan. But what is of particular interest here is the attitude of the new left toward economics.

The central contention of the movement is that established economists have been led by their self-interest down a pseudo-scientific path of sterile, mathematical gamesmanship and away from a proper concern with the empirical analysis and betterment of society. The quick promotions and fame go to those who can get quick solutions, as Robert Lekachman, points out in *Economics: Mainstream Readings and Radical Critiques*. The problems that yield swiftly to the thrust of young and inventive minds are the highly abstract, mathematical models that produce snappy deductions and reams of computer print-outs. Whether the deductions or the computerized correlations and other estimates have any particular relation to what actually happens in the economic world, or to the deeper question of how to change the world, may be incidental if not irrelevant. The important thing is that they yield "papers," and sometimes even books, and they are so impressive with their inverted matrices and vector spaces that in some instances only their authors, and an associated colleague, can understand them.

Some members of the new left point with less than complete approbation to recent Nobel prize winner Paul A. Samuelson as the very model of a modern mathematical technician, if not the father of it all. Samuelson's most important book, cited by the Nobel prize committee, is *Foundations of Economic Analysis*, which the new left views as primarily a translation of the main body of economic theory from words to mathematics. This major work, they assert, threw little light on actual economic behavior, and none on policy or problem, yet it was such an intellectual *tour de force* that when originally presented as a Ph.D. dissertation at Harvard 30 years ago, it proved to be beyond the comprehension of several members of the examining committee. More than that, maybe because of that, new left historians assert, Samuelson's path-finding book established a trend, still dominant, toward excessive preoccupation with the purely technical.

The consequences of "technical" preoccupation, according to URPE writers," are not only scientific sterility but also a highly conservative bias. With respect to sterility, it is claimed that the last important substantive contribution in economics was the "general theory" of John Maynard Keynes, which forms the base of modern stabilization policies; but that goes back to 40 years ago. With respect to conservatism, as Lekachman puts it, orthodox economics today "deliberately abstracts from" the most interesting and controversial characteristics of society. It focuses almost exclusively on mathematical problems of choice: how should a corporation allocate its resources to maximize profits, how should a consumer allocate her expenditures to maximize the family's satisfaction, how should a government department weigh costs against benefits in disposing of its funds? In centering on such mechanical questions, Lekachman writes, economists overlook – and hence tacitly approve – "the existing distribution of income and wealth, the contemporary structure of consumer tastes and attitudes, the current system of taxation and antitrust law, not to mention the legal arrangements which surround the sale of goods and the rental of premises." These institutional facts, reflecting the paramount problems of our day, are ruled out of the analysis. Thus, concludes Michael Zweig, of the State University of New York at Stony Brook and one of URPE's organizers, economics inevitably becomes "supportive of the present order."

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Some of the new leafleteers, especially the younger ones, go much farther than either Lekachman or Zweig. John Weeks, an assistant professor at Wayne State University, says flatly that economics is reactionary because economists are reactionary. "The practitioners of standard economics," he writes in the URPE journal, "are part of an economic and social elite, and therefore can no more be expected to develop and encourage radical analysis than businessmen as a group can be expected to advocate workers' control of production." Weeks' position, however, might lead to the proposition that the best way to engender some radicalism in established economists is to knock down university salaries to where they used to be before the younger members of URPE knew the difference between a 38 bust and a bankruptcy.

So much for the critique. What, constructively, does the new left add to the body of economic knowledge? I think it is fair to conclude that in the newly launched quarterly *Review of Radical Political Economics* there is no clear evidence that a new left Adam Smith, or a new left Karl Marx, has yet sent forth the first tender sprouts of undeniable genius. Perhaps more seasoning will do it. On the other hand there is an emphasis, a choice of subject matter, and an enthusiasm in the new literature that are salubrious. The new left economists write about things that a great many (but not all!) established economists choose to ignore.

Take that most venerated of all economic data, the gross national product, which Presidents and their economic advisers watch from quarter to quarter, and which tells us, after correction for price changes, that we are 70 percent better off per head today than we were 20 years ago. The new left is not sure that we are better off at all. The GNP, they point out, aggregates the dollar value of *all* goods and services produced – the cigarettes as well as the medical treatment of lung cancer, the petroleum from offshore wells as well as the detergents required to clean up after oil spills, the electrical energy produced and the medical and cleaning bills resulting from the air-pollution fuel used for generating the electricity. The GNP allows no deduction for *negative* production, such as lives lost from unsafe cars or environmental destruction perpetrated by telephone, electric, and gas utilities, lumber companies, and speculative builders. Most economists are aware of these defects of the gross national product but overlook them as they would a wart on the nose of a lovable uncle. The new left views the defects as no superficial blemish but as a fatal flaw, an indication that we are trying to assess economic growth and economic welfare with a false measuring rod, one that better serves Madison Avenue hucksters than scientific truth. To assert this is simple. What remains to be seen is whether the economists of the new left can develop a more meaningful measure, as some of them are now trying to do.

Other topics that occupy the new left are the economic exploitation of women, the economic role of war and the real cost of the Vietnam conflict, the economics of racial discrimination, the nature of "competition" among monopolies, the correction of statistical fallacies bearing on the distribution of income, and the role played in environmental pollution by planned obsolescence and by vested interests (such as the automobile industry's opposition to mass transportation). The new left is also concerned with the current dilemma of economic instability, and, unlike the prevailing orthodoxy, would go well beyond the "new economics" and jawboning in seeking correctives. A majority of the radicals would likewise go farther than most liberals in removing inequities in the distribution of income. To be sure, much of the literature in URPE publications is more muckraking than analysis, but some of it rises well above that level and there is the promise that more of it will.

The danger of new left economics is that it contains some significant strains of anti-intellectualism. In the revulsion against the narrow confines of standard economics, some would abandon the legacy of the past instead of undertaking the more challenging task of extending it in new directions. In their annoyance with excessive technique, like the followers of Thorstein Veblen 40 or 50 years ago, they threaten in some instances to dispose of all technique. In their teaching, some of the new left avoid the hard task of systematic reasoning and drill in favor of institutionalized rap sessions and exhortation. The new left generally has supported crossing disciplinary lines, so that all the social sciences – sociology, anthropology, political science, and the rest – can be blended. But the attempt to master all tends to militate against the mastery of any. Finally, in politics some of the new left, in company with their friends outside the discipline, would abandon democratic, representative, or parliamentary procedures entirely and use all tactics considered necessary, including violence, to gain their ends. Except for the Marxists among them, moreover, the ends are barely defined at all, which makes rational debate and negotiation difficult.

At present new left economics stands on the side, a carping, aggressive and unbidden challenger. Yet in its concern with the important problems and in the fresh approach it brings to all economic topics, it has something positive to offer. Perhaps if the economics of the new left were welcomed by university departments as a legitimate area of research, along with other fields of specialization, the rational and democratic strains it contains would have a greater opportunity to predominate. Mixing blood with the older boys might impart a new vigor.

Melville J. Ulmer

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Red, White, Black and Neglected

Think of These Children

by Walter F. Mondale

A few thousand Americans met in Washington last week for the 1970 White House Conference on Children. They heard many things, produced a report and recommendations. So, 40 years ago did President Hoover's Conference and the comprehensive Children's Charter that came out of that meeting still has much to say to us. In every society some are consigned to the scrap heap – the irretrievably handicapped, the incurably ill, the incorrigibly criminal, the hopelessly uneducable. But we have needlessly allowed the scrap heap to pile up, and the most obvious victims are 10 million children.

Nearly a million of them live in families which subsist primarily on migrant or seasonal farm work. For these children travel means a new shack, a new field to work in, and another school, if any. Born into extreme poverty – the average earnings of each such worker from farm labor are less than $1000 a year – the child is physically unable to attend school regularly. He begins working at a very early age. He not only suffers from malnutrition, but moves in a never ending cycle of bending, lifting, and carrying. By the time he is 10 or 11 he has stopped going to school. He is often married at 14 or 15. Soon his health deteriorates. His back shows the damaging effects of stoop labor. He is in constant debt. The grower and the crew leader advance him groceries and other necessities against his wages, and he never comes out ahead.

To say that nothing has been done for the migrant child would be unfair. A Migrant Health Act was passed about 10 years ago; it provides $36 a year for the health care of each migrant child, as opposed to the $96 which the average middle-income family spends annually for the same purpose on each of its children. The poverty program, the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 and other federal programs do help, but the funds are very meager.

The brightest hope for the migrant child of the future has been the rising movement to improve wages and working conditions through collective bargaining. After a half century of broken strikes and futile negotiation, Cesar Chavez has molded a union which is surviving, though it is a tiny island of migrant power in a sea of powerlessness. But if Chavez has succeeded to some extent in California, there are still migrant children in Texas and Florida, and, indeed, New York and New Jersey and Michigan, whose life is essentially unchanged. There are still horrendous gaps in coverage in federal labor law and social programs, including – of special significance to the migrant child – child labor laws.

When we turn to the black child in the rural South, we are on more familiar ground. This youngster has been the subject of constant court suits, street demonstrations, and congressional debate. Desegregation has broadened horizons and brought more insistent demands for change from young, Southern blacks. Federal food programs reach thousands of black children, assuring that at least some will not be brain-damaged in infancy, and that others will be able to stay awake in school. Head Start has helped open new worlds to thousands of them, and given their parents a stake in improving education.

But let the complacent visit the black communities of Bolivar County, Mississippi; Lowndes County, Alabama; Dorchester County, South Carolina; of Terrell County, Georgia. Segregated classrooms are replacing segregated schools. Five thousand black teachers have lost their jobs. The black child has been brought across town to the white school, but his athletic trophies have been left behind, and often he or she cannot play in the band or be a cheerleader or run for homecoming queen. Violence and intimidation are still with us – Lamar, South Carolina was nationally publicized, but fear still stalks the dark back roads of hundreds of communities. The $75 million appropriated under the Emergency School Assistance Program has unashamedly been distributed to districts which are in violation of federal civil rights laws. We have begun to tear down the outward manifestations of legal segregation, but we have not achieved real desegregation or quality education on the basis of a mutual respect.

The situation of the American Indian is not quite as bad as it was 10 years ago, largely because there's a new generation of young people who are not only committed to improving life in their communities, but are acquiring some of the skill and political sophistication that is necessary to bring change. Yet the American Indian is still governed by a Congress which often is

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more interested in protecting the land and water interests of whites than in making a better life for the Indian. Annual per capita income for the American Indian is $1500, less than half of the national average; infant mortality is almost twice the national average; 90 percent of Indian housing is substandard; and suicide rates on the typical Indian reservation are more than double the national average.

Three out of five Indian children attend local public schools, which are enriched by federal funds under the Johnson-O'Malley Act and the impacted school areas legislation. But this money is often spent for purposes which do not benefit the children, who more often than not are assumed by the school system to be slow, lazy or dumb. Indian students on the Muckleshoot reservation in Washington are automatically retained an extra year in the first grade of their public schools, and the Nook-Sack Indians of western Washington are automatically placed in a class of slow learners, without achievement testing. There are massive early dropouts.

A third of the Indian children are in schools run by the federal Bureau of Indian Affairs. Many are in boarding schools, including about 7000 Navajo children under the age of 9, some of whom have frozen to death trying to escape and get home during the winter. About 1200 Alaskan natives are in federal boarding schools in Oregon and Oklahoma, thousands of miles from their families. Two-thirds of the Indian children entering BIA schools have little or no skill in English, but less than five percent of the teachers in BIA schools are native to the culture and the language of the children they teach. Courses on Indian heritage and culture are nonexistent in both federal and local public schools, and the children are in every way made to feel that their own heritage is inferior.

There are nearly 10 million Americans whose first language is Spanish. Many others have a Portuguese, Chinese, French, Japanese, or other culture and language heritage. Like the Indian, the Chicano or Puerto Rican child is daily penalized by the forced application of homogeneity, the assumption that diversity is divisive and intolerable.

Until recently the Chicano – or Mexican-American – was a forgotten minority, though a large one. Politicians sought his vote, but after the election things went back to normal. Nationally, he was eclipsed by the greater numbers and earlier political awareness of the black community. He was thought to be submissive. Now we know a little more about how things are. We have had some national attention to the Chicano as a farmworker, through the organizing efforts of Cesar Chavez. The growing Puerto Rican minority in New York City and elsewhere has begun to surface. The barrio of East Los Angeles has erupted in violence. A network television documentary has shown a newly born Chicano child dying of prenatal starvation within a stone's throw of the multimillion-dollar Hemis-Fair entertainment complex in San Antonio. Fifty to 90 percent of Chicano and Puerto Rican children, depending on the area, come to school speaking only Spanish. Many of them, we find, are put in classes for the mentally retarded, simply because they cannot cope with standardized English-language intelligence tests.

Not only are intelligent children treated as uneducable, but Spanish-speaking children are often forbidden to speak their native language in school and in many cases are even punished for doing so. In a South Texas school, children are forced to kneel on the playground and beg forgiveness if they are caught talking to each other in Spanish. In an Arizona elementary school, children who answer a question in Spanish are required to come up to the teacher's desk and drop pennies in a bowl – one penny for each Spanish word spoken. "It works," the teacher boasts. "They come from poor families, you know."

Two-thirds of our poor children, however, are white, and the greatest concentration of white poverty is in Appalachia. More than three-quarters of a million young people sit in the hollows and hills, facing lifelong unemployment if they remain at home. Lacking the skills to do much of consequence, they leave. Over 900,000 children under six, nearly half of the pre-school children in the region, are poor. Less than one of 20 of Appalachia's poor youngsters is in Head Start. Only six percent of Appalachia's children receive welfare assistance. Coal mining is gone or largely automated. Children are neglected because social services are not thought to be important for people of no economic value. There is no welfare if the man is living at home with his family. And the schools for the children are badly underfunded. As surely as the black child is still oppressed by the white power structure in the South, the white child of Appalachia is oppressed by the white power structure. Racism is not all racial.

In the large central cities of America the child is victimized in ways that transcend race or economic status. The air he breathes – polluted by cars, power plants, industrial plants and home heating – makes him far more subject to disease than his suburban or rural counterpart. The congestion in which he lives has clinically observable effects. It is not surprising, for example, that studies find an astonishing incidence of mental illness in New York City, where the population density is almost 1000 times that of the country generally, and an even greater incidence in central Harlem, where density is nearly 10,000 times the national average.

But that is only the beginning. In most instances, the urban child must face and deal with the worst of our institutions. The youngsters in one of the 20 largest school systems is almost a year behind the national norm. Infant mortality in the ghettos and barrios runs as high as four times the national average. Drug addic-

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tion is rampant in all parts of every major city. Venereal disease has gone beyond the epidemic stage. Lack of space, poor housing, density, and inadequate opportunities strain family relationships to the breaking. Schools are dropout factories. The city hospital is totally dehumanizing, patients waiting two to four hours in a clinic to see a doctor they have never seen before and are not likely to see again. Welfare is at its most bureaucratic and degrading. The public housing authority is as bureaucratic as the slumlord is neglectful. And the children are the victims of all this.

Then there are the more than seven million young people who are emotionally disturbed, mentally retarded, physically handicapped, or suffering from special learning difficulties. Nearly five million of them get no special educational services or other help. Some are poor, most are not. A great number of them have problems not irremediable enough for them to be discarded into a public residential institution, but for which public schools have no appropriate remedies. Private services are either unavailable or too expensive.

Think of the child who is in a residential institution either for the mentally retarded or the mentally ill. Typically, it is old, crowded, understaffed, filthy, sterile, strewn with feces, filled with blank faces. There are retarded children there who *are* educable, if the special services were available. There are disturbed children who are curable, given psychiatric help. Children who are neglected and abandoned end up in institutions where they remain until they are 16, and then are dumped on the street.

The annual cost of foster care is about one-eighth the cost of institutionalization. The lifetime cost of educating an educable handicapped or retarded child is about $20,000. Institutionalizing him will cost well over $200,000. And the nation's handicapped children have potential earning power of $15 billion *if* they get the help they need. They aren't getting it. In a recent year the federal government appropriated over $1 billion for cotton price support, and one-twentieth that amount for child mental health services.

The child's life is intertwined with the state in many ways. He may be the victim of a divorce, where his future is determined without any legal protection for him. He may be deemed incorrigible by his parents or his teacher, or alleged to be a law violator of some kind. The paradox is that we do both too much and too little. In some states, a child can end up in court and then in reform school or training school for such dangerous behavior as violating a curfew, hanging around a poolroom, wandering around a railroad track, swearing in public, sleeping in an alley, drinking, or smoking in public. He can be taken away from his parents, with or without their consent. Once in the hands of the state, he is not certain of being better off. Milton Luger, a nationally known expert on juvenile delinquency, has made the extraordinary statement that "it would be better for all concerned if young delinquents were not detected, apprehended, or institutionalized. Too many of them get worse in our care."

First, the child gets a juvenile or family court hearing which is likely to be as short as 10 or 15 minutes. Before that, he may be kept in a juvenile detention facility, perhaps in solitary confinement, for weeks on end or, even worse, his "pretrial" detention may have been in a county jail where he is mixed with adult prisoners, subject to homosexual abuse and the influence of hardened criminals. Adults are constitutionally entitled to bail under these circumstances. Children are not.

His court hearing may be conducted without any legal representation, despite the Supreme Court's 1967 *Gault* decision requiring otherwise.

Having engaged in behavior which would not be a crime if he were an adult, he may nonetheless be judged a delinquent and sent away. A judge, not wanting to stigmatize him as a delinquent, may note on his record that he awaits "further orders of the court," which may be enough to keep him locked up a year or two. The institution to which he is sent is seldom more than a crime factory. Educational programs are weak, psychological counseling infrequent or nonexistent, guards frequently brutal, conditions overcrowded, stimulating activities scarce. Children with divergent problems are mixed together. Some are retarded. Some are disturbed.

Less than a year ago, *The New York Times* reported the death of a 12-year-old heroin addict in Harlem – Walter Vandermeer. Charlayne Hunter and Joseph Lelyveld of the *Times* reconstructed his life. Public school gave up on him in the third grade, without trying to get him any psychological counseling from the school system's Bureau of Child Guidance. It referred his case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which brought him to family court on a neglect petition. He was put in a children's shelter run by the Society, then moved to another public children's shelter. Shortly thereafter, the court released him, but he was back within six months, and was assigned first to a halfway house in Harlem and then to the Wiltwyck School in upstate New York – the fifth institutional setting in which he had been locked in 15 months. Wiltwyck gave up on him in six months and returned him to family court, which let him back on the street again. The court, though finding him too disturbed for Wiltwyck, found, for reasons known only to itself, that he was not disturbed enough to be sent to a state training school. A year later he was dead.

Walter Vandermeer was news. But there are 100,000 children in America in correctional-type institutions on any given day. The courts handle a million nontraffic juvenile cases a year. These are the children who drift in and out of the world of courts, social agencies, and special schools; and there are still thousands more out on the street where Walter Vandermeer eventually died.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Little Big Man

(National General)

Husbands

(Columbia)

Just six years ago I reviewed Thomas Berger's novel *Little Big Man* (elsewhere) and said:

> A chief function of the tall tale is as a free-flowing conduit of history, a catch-all vehicle that, by disregarding most probabilities and some possibilities, contains a lot of historical truth.

Like Vincent McHugh's *Caleb Catlum's America* (a neglected nugget), Berger's book performed the American tall-tale magic: it summarized a chunk of basically grim history in a breezy, darn-your-eyes manner, with its very style implying the one virtue that possibly counterbalances the heavy deeds done – lively, humorous grit.

Calder Willingham's adroit screenplay necessarily condenses Berger's big book and, often sensibly, rearranges matters, as it tells the story of Jack Crabb, who survives a Pawnee attack on a wagon train when he is 10, is carried off by the Cheyenne and raised by them and whose life then fluctuates between the Cheyenne and white civilizations until the two life-styles collide at the Little Bighorn in 1876. Jack is the sole white survivor, and he survives until "now" when he tells his story into a tape recorder. In the novel (1964) he was 111 when he was talking; for 1970, he had to be made 121. (The film was done just in time; even tall tales are limited in height.) The most significant change is that, in the original, Jack's Cheyenne "grandfather" goes up on a mountain at the end to die, and dies; in the film the old man can't quite make it, and has to go down again with Jack, to live. I rather liked this change, as it leads nicely into the note of Jack's own astonishing survival.

Arthur Penn directs with all his customary skill and very little of his customary artiness. This time, happily, he leaves Beauty to the eye of the beholder, and doesn't label it for us. He tells his story in a clean, vigorous manner, with a generally fine sense of where the audience should be placed to get the most out of every moment, with his humanist concerns revealed in his handling of character relationships. His weak spots are his large-scale physical conflicts; he doesn't love action enough to handle it as well as a Ford or Peckinpah or Hawks would. Ralph Nelson is a far inferior director to Penn, but the slaughter of Indians by cavalry in *Soldier Blue* was more gruesome than in *Little Big Man*.

Penn's invention falters in his battle scenes, and he also fumbles some opportunities. When Custer's cavalry rides up out of the snowy mist along the Washita to murder the Cheyenne, instead of letting them materialize out of the whiteness (as he starts to do), Penn suddenly cuts to a long shot from a hilltop to show the troops proceeding down the valley. And at the Little Bighorn, the angles and the editing don't give a clear idea of the closing of a trap; terrain and disposition are unclear.

But there is life in the film, and the core of it is Dustin Hoffman's performance of Jack Crabb. We hear his 121-year-old voice out of the silence under the titles – there's no music until we're well along, and very little then – then we see him in his (rubber-mask) antiquity, then, after a boy actor and an early adolescent actor have marked his growing time, Hoffman himself takes up Crabb at about the age of 15 and carries him through his "periods" of frontier schoolboy, young Cheyenne brave, carnival man, gunfighter, boozer, storekeeper, older Cheyenne brave, hermit, and cavalry mule-skinner.

Bernard Shaw said that fine art is either easy or impossible, and as Shaw meant it, Hoffman proves it yet again. He's short, he has a Feiffer profile, his voice is no great shakes, and, although he has charm, he has no great force of personality. What he has is instant credibility. It never seems to cross his mind that he is anything other than what he claims to be at the moment, so it never crosses our minds, either. His secret is not only imagination, not only the requisite vitality, but a lack of objectivity, so great as almost to be simple-minded. It's as if Hoffman were saying, "What do you mean, I'm not a Cheyenne brave? I've been one all my life." This ability to shut out objectivity – to shut out any view of one's self playing the part – is an essential particularly for "chameleon" actors, and it's Hoffman's ace.

In Robert Hughes' documentary about Penn, broadcast on NET earlier this year, there was a sequence showing Penn and Hoffman working on a scene from *Little Big Man*. It was a small lesson in the interweaving of two kinds of talent, and the results are in the film.

The other noteworthy performance is by Chief Dan George as Crabb's Cheyenne "grandfather". I was prejudiced in the chief's favor because he looks a lot like my Uncle Al, dead these many years, and he fed my prejudice with his dignity and humor. Penn's one failure with a performer is Faye Dunaway, a parson's prurient wife who later turns up as a whore. She misses no possible acting cliché. Besides, as a frontier parson's wife, she wears false eyelashes only a trifle smaller than ostrich fans.

Under the energy of the film, the ominous theme is the invincible brutality of the white man, the end of "natural" life in America. At the beginning, when Crabb's young interviewer uses the word "genocide", it irritates the old man, but the film – his story – only substantiates the term. Penn makes contradictorily sure we know his own sympathies. When Indians attack a stagecoach, the murders are supposed to be funny; when cavalrymen attack an Indian village, the murders are tragic.

The color is unobtrusive – certifying without being garish. The Panavision feels comfortable. Penn has made a tangy and, I think, unique film with American verve, about some of the grisly things that American verve has done.

Husbands is *Trash* with clothes on. John Cassavetes has done yet another "cinéma non-vérité" film – about three thirtyish, wealthy New York husbands, played by himself, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara. They go to the funeral of a contemporary, then get drunk and stay on a binge of some days which finally includes a trip to London. Presumably what we are seeing is panic reaction to the first full intimation of their own mortality, of the end of options, the straitening of their lives. A good enough theme, though familiar, but

(Continued on page 25)

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Roger Starr: The Arrogance of Virtue (In Old New York)

Against the Evidence — The Becker-Rosenthal Affair
by Andy Logan
(McCall; $8.95)

The Man Who Rode the Tiger
by Herbert Mitgang
(Viking-Compass; $2.95)

New York Jews and the Quest for Community
by Arthur A. Goren
(Columbia University Press; $10.00)

When I was twelve years old and skinny, my parents returned from a party on Riverside Drive with the announcement that I would thenceforth take boxing lessons to learn to defend myself and develop self-confidence. In time, the teacher who accepted this hopeless assignment was revealed as a poverty-stricken leather-skinned former amateur boxer who had met my mother at the party. I was his only boxing pupil. I do not remember much of boxing technique except that my instructor thought it important to breathe loudly through the nose, but I will never forget his between-rounds recital of Broadway's sins and scandals, including the Becker-Rosenthal Murder Case, which had transpired some twenty years before our meetings.

This affair, now the subject of Miss Logan's admirable book, began with the shooting of Herman Rosenthal, the proprietor of a padlocked gambling house on a July night in 1912, in front of the cafe-bar of the Metropole Hotel. Rosenthal's four killers, who bore the improbable aliases of Gyp the Blood, Dago Frank, Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis, were executed for the crime. Not long afterward, Lieutenant Charles Becker of the New York City Police Department was also executed, having twice been convicted of plotting the murder and procuring the actual assassins.

My boxing master set forth the Becker-Rosenthal story in style appropriate to the folk legend it had become on the lower East Side and on the streets off Times Square where the Hotel Metropole once stood. "Once upon a time," he told me in effect, "an honest gambler named Herman Rosenthal got tired of paying off the crooked cops. One cop in particular, Lieutenant Becker, was so greedy he even held a mortgage on Rosenthal's roulette wheel. When Rosenthal quit paying Lieutenant Becker, and blabbed to the papers about what a grafter Becker was, Becker made a bunch of East Side kids shoot Rosenthal. He would have got away with it too, except that a fearless and intrepid reporter dug up the facts and an incorruptible District Attorney stood up to the Tammany politicians and made Becker stand trial. Even after the jury found Becker guilty, Tammany Hall put a fix on the Court of Appeals up in Albany and they were ready to let Becker go on a technicality. This was so raw that the District Attorney brought Becker to trial a second time, and this time the public raised such a stink that not even Tammany Hall could get him off."

I am astonished and delighted to report, forty years after, that from this squalid story Miss Logan who, unlike my boxing instructor, believes in breathing lightly, has fashioned a book which, fact by quiet fact, rattles the brain, stirs the heart with something very near real tragedy, and challenges the foundation on which all too many of us stand to observe municipal life; namely, that the virtuous possess virtue. Her view of Becker-Rosenthal is as startling to common knowledge as was the suggestion made several years ago in *Tragedy at Needham*, that Niccolo Sacco was probably guilty. She proves to the entire satisfaction of any hypothetical reader who is not directly descended from Herbert Bayard Swope, the "fearless and intrepid reporter," or Charles Whitman, the "incorruptible District Attorney," that Lieutenant Charles Becker was entirely innocent, and probably had no more to do with the murder of Herman Rosenthal than had Miss Logan herself.

Miss Logan, I believe, is as astonished by this conclusion as any other reader. Having decided to write about the case as an example of police graft, she may have started to read the "technicality" on which, according to legend the Court of Appeals reversed Becker's first conviction. On reading it, she learned that the majority opinion of that court (six judges of the seven on the bench voted to reverse) was no mere technical excuse, but a closely reasoned seventy-seven page model of analysis.

The truth of the Becker case is not that Tammany Hall fixed the Court of Appeals, but that the Court of Appeals, in the face of a unanimous and hostile public, press, and bar, stood firm on its judicial principles. In Becker's first trial (and it remains manifestly true of the second, as well, even though the Court of Appeals, following some personnel changes, lost its nerve), an innocent man was railroaded to a death sentence on a conspiracy charge, unsupported by evidence, under the eye of a judge so venomous and partial that his conduct should have outraged every conscientious lawyer who observed it. The judge in that first trial refused to let the jury see the immunity agreements which the "incorruptible District Attorney" negotiated with the gun-

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men's confederates. The judge was found by the Court of Appeals to have curtailed outrageously the defense's right of cross-examination; to have delivered grossly improper rulings, favorable to the prosecution; and to have charged the jury in a fashion more appropriate to an impassioned prosecutor than a judge.

As to the District Attorney, who ascended to the governorship solely on the strength of the Becker conviction, the Court of Appeals noted that he had suppressed evidence favorable to the defense, failed to establish a reasonable motive for a defendant whose alleged connection with the crime was entirely indirect (the motive described by the District Attorney was refuted by his own witnesses), and allowed the state's witnesses to communicate with each other over a long period of time while in custody, thus helping them to cook up a common set of lies that would implicate Lieutenant Becker and win them immunity.

In the process of spelling out these allegations, Miss Logan turns the legend into black comedy. Thus Whitman, the incorruptible, becomes an incompetent, venal, publicity-seeking near-alcoholic, determined to make up for past obscurity by riding a popular but misguided cause into the governor's office. Swope, the "intrepid reporter," far from uncovering hidden graft at his own peril, actually manufactured the feud between Rosenthal and Becker, perhaps while in the service of another gambler. He spent the rest of his life celebrating the wit and energy with which he sent Becker to his death. Lieutenant Becker himself, despite Miss Logan's efforts to remind us that he had in fact taken bribes from gamblers, emerges a courageous, gallant, even a romantic figure. Miss Logan says that the mob howled for Becker's neck because he had been a policeman, but not only for that reason; he liked his job!

The more one considers this last sentence, the more fascinating become its ironies. Becker's fate was sealed at his second trial by Judge Seabury, the subject of the second book on my agenda, Herbert Mitgang's *The Man Who Rode The Tiger* (a 1963 publication now reissued with a moral introduction about pollution). If the public hated happy policemen, I wonder how it could have tolerated, even admired Judge Seabury, who was an equally happy prosecutor, a towering moralist-reformer who later headed the official investigation into New York City affairs that culminated in the resignation of Mayor Walker. But Mitgang had not, when he wrote his book, read Miss Logan, and his account is wholly unilluminated by ironies. He believes that if crime is uncovered and its perpetrators dealt with sternly, the world has become a better place. His happy credo unfortunately doesn't survive the discovery that even the sternest moralist can be wrong. (Mitgang tells us that Seabury was especially proud of conducting the Becker trial with a stern visage.)

The moral certainty, the arrogance with which Mitgang and Seabury assumed Becker's guilt, emerges from Mitgang's description of the case: "The law has been openly defied. A police lieutenant, Charles Becker, ordered four hoodlums . . . to murder the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, the day before he was scheduled to give testimony to the New York County Grand Jury about Becker's partnership. . . ." Even if the assertion about Becker's guilt had been true, the rest would be wrong. Miss Logan's book says nothing about Rosenthal's appointment to testify before the grand jury; only that he had an appointment, his *second*, to meet Whitman personally. Mitgang either does not know, or does not care that Rosenthal had previously attacked two other high-ranking police officers, claiming that they, not Becker, had been harassing him.

Going a bit further in Mitgang's book, one finds him describing the Court of Appeals' reversal of the first trial as having occurred because the evidence linking the defendant to the murder plot was "insufficient and uncorroborated." He seems not to have noticed that the evidence in the Seabury-conducted trial was quite similar. The real difference between the two trials was that while Goff, the first judge, was openly prejudiced, Seabury was somewhat more subtle, though equally convinced before the beginning of the second trial that the defendant was guilty. Seabury's arrogant virtue was justified by a Court of Appeals' refusal to overturn the verdict over which he presided. Miss Logan points out that the membership of that Court had changed since its reversal of the first trial. Benjamin Cardozo, Seabury's old friend, had joined it, and would have had great difficulty, intellectual as well as moral, in overturning a judgment returned by his fellow-member in the congery of the virtuous elect. Those interested in psychological elaborations are referred to the life story of Cardozo's father and his connections with Tammany Hall of an earlier epoch. Shortly after the Becker trial, Seabury himself was elected to the Court of Appeals.

Reading this today – the account of Seabury's certainty, and Mitgang's acceptance of it – I must confess to a certain queasiness. I wonder if Seabury assumed that Becker was guilty because men of his own tribe, men like Whitman who also hated Tammany Hall, said so. What then about his other judgments which Mitgang supports with equal fervor? Was Seabury really right in attacking the party system for choosing magistrates who represented the several ethnic components of New York's population? Mitgang supports the judge for insisting that the best man should be chosen for each magistracy, without regard to race or religion. I wonder if the Seabury formula establishes how one is to grade the "best man," and what such a formulation does to the sense of importance of the new groups in the city. Is the elimination of graft the final goal of the municipal reformer? When he has developed a system minimizing the possibilities of graft, will this not also be a system likely to maximize the difficulty with which outstanding members of new ethnic groups find their way into city government? Mitgang tells us with some surprise, that Franklin Roosevelt never really liked Seabury; I suspect the reasons are clear. Sometimes Seabury and his biographer Mitgang make me feel that the virtuous constitute a club, as exclusive and self-devoted as any other, and somewhat harder to join.

It is a pleasure to turn from Mitgang's moral impregnation of the world – its events and social conflicts – to my third book, the meticulous and modest observations of Arthur Goren in his discussion of the problem of community within the city, and particularly a fourteen-year effort beginning 1908 to form a command structure capable of tying the rich uptown German Jews led by Jacob Schiff and the poor downtown East European Jews led, at first, by nobody.

The problem was apparent. New York's Police Commissioner Bingham in 1908 charged that although the Jews of New York constituted only one-fourth of the population, they were committing one-half of the crimes. This allegation stimulated the Jewish leaders

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to form a Kehillah, an organization named for the Jewish communal rabinnical courts in Poland. Goren traces, in fascinating detail, the efforts of the Kehillah to achieve what has now become a major social work industry: community organization. The problem remains the same: to find a basis of unified action by those whom the rest of the world insists on seeing as a homogeneous group, but who are nevertheless divided among themselves along class, national, economic, and religious grounds. It may surprise Goren's reader to see the extent of doctrinal differences among the Jews themselves. The New York Kehillah tried to find common ground in education, ritual butchering, labor mediation, and philanthropic support. But the sole issue to touch the emotions was the issue of Jewish crime. All Jewish leaders, whatever their national background or economic status, felt discomfort and embarrassment at the extent of Jewish criminality in the early immigrant years. Equally significant, there was an astonishing agreement – perhaps fortuitous on the part of wealthy Jews – that those officials who were too arrogant in their attachment to virtue could not be trusted to be precise in their judgments. The Becker-Rosenthal case, particularly the performance of District Attorney Whitman, stirred suspicion in Jewish circles: a fact of New York's ethnic mixture which both Seabury and Mitgang missed. The respectable leaders of the Kehillah – not all of them, to be sure, but many – felt unhappy in Whitman's company; they set up their own secret service to make certain that the police – and the reformers who towered over the police – did not stumble on the wrong Jews.

Goren's book is as admirable as Miss Logan's in its discretion, its perception of character, and the soundness of its detail. Without drawing specific analogies, both books remind the reader that the strains of city life make illicit behavior inevitable, and produce widespread sympathy for illicit behavior on the part even of those who do not engage in it. Ultimately, the lawbreaking and vice increase until the leaders become so powerful that public sympathy shifts against them (sometimes in reaction to violence). Then the forces of virtue have their day. On that day, for some towering moralists, the spasm of public virtue becomes life's greatest pleasure. Equating their delight with the public good, they impose a tyranny more absolute than the law-breakers', because it is unencumbered with guilt. Miss Logan and Mr. Goren are not alone in reminding us that those determined to do justly should also resolve to walk humbly; but the lesson is too often forgotten.

Virginia Freehafer: Give It Away to the USA

The Three Trials of Manirema
by Jose J. Veiga
(Knopf; $4.95)

The Coming Revolution in Brazil
by Father Antonio Melo
(Exposition Press; $4.00)

These two small books by Brazilian authors were conceived under a repressive military regime which has been in power in their country since March 31, 1964. How can critics of existing conditions escape the censorship? José Veiga has chosen an aesopean language, while Father Antônio Melo has taken the more devious course of an interview with an American reporter which might hopefully seep back into Brazil from its English translation, via the underground.

Both books are aimed at the current, overwhelming presence of the United States in Brazil. Not including small enterprises employing less than one hundred workers, there now operate in Brazil about one hundred twenty-five companies with more than fifty percent of the shares held by United States firms. The acronym ARENA, which stands for the official government party, has been deciphered by the Brazilian opposition as *Assim Resolvemos Entrega-nos aos Americanos* (Thus we have resolved to give ourselves to the Americans).

It is to the advantage of foreign companies to hinder the passage and enforcement of Brazilian legislation which would initiate basic social and economic change. The government in power, which sees eye to eye with them, has been strengthened by American military aid. Police units and other security forces, US-trained in counterinsurgency techniques, ferret out and punish terrorist elements which oppose the dictatorship. United States influence further dominates Brazilian mass media and Americanizes the culture. Under a barrage of USIS propaganda activity, Brazilian radio and TV are supplied with packaged programs and special films. Bookstores carry low-priced translations of American books and comics. There are more American movies being shown than Brazilian, and youth rocks to records made in USA.

The Three Trials of Manirema might be termed an analogue on such pervasive American power. A completely self-sufficient camp is set up by foreigners in absolute privacy at a symbolic campsite. Why do they come? Local residents say the men are snooping, but the first to be indoctrinated inside the compound explains that the purpose of the strangers is to bring progress. One by one the people of the small town are victimized. They succumb to the demands of the "Major" and his cohorts. Local business is monopolized and inhabitants tricked into submission. Even the strongest citizen, a much-admired individualist, finally becomes trapped by the system.

Veiga's didactic allegory continues with two more trials – one a ghastly invasion of dogs and the other of plundering oxen. Many Brazilians feel as

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strong an adversion to the great numbers of Americans serving under military assistance programs, AID programs and the Peace Corps as the author expresses for the dogs, but when the dogs are called off, the relief felt by the townspeople is tempered by the humiliating realization that the ordeal has been of their own acceptance. As for the oxen, the air becomes polluted and the land contaminated with their excrement. The author might well have had in mind the COPERBO synthetic rubber factory which had been transferred to Brazil from Illinois where its waste was polluting the waters of the Great Lakes. Completely reassembled outside of Recife, it proceeded to destroy whole fishing villages of the poverty-stricken area.

Why did the foreigners finally leave the camp and cease their messianic interference? It was reported that they had seemed scared. Of what? "I don't know," replied one of the townsmen, "of everything. Of us. I mean all of [us]."

On a similar hopeful note of political change, Father Melo constructs his *Coming Revolution in Brazil*. The interview, translated in book form, opens with his definition of the loosely used word, revolution. He describes it as "a continuing process of transforming outworn Brazilian institutions into operating modern structures." Some governments carry it forward and others backward. He sees the present administration precariously regressing to conditions which produced the Civil War of 1930.

He expresses concern not only over the economic dominance of the United States in Brazil but even more over the resultant cultural alienation. His solution is total cessation of USAID and "trusts," together with a government take-over by the now strong and well organized nationalist forces in Brazil, part military and part civilian. Under them a truly Brazilian industry would be promoted and an agrarian reform conducted "tooth and nail."

Father Melo's comments extend beyond an analysis of Brazilian problems to include the Castro regime in Cuba and the nationalist governments in Bolivia and Peru. He discusses the influence of leftist forces in the revolutionary process and the part played by student agitators. He concludes with a discussion of the role of the Church in the coming revolution, insisting that the Church must sever traditional ties with the privileged groups of the continent and guide the awakening of the masses. It is clear that he has wholeheartedly entered the liberation movement and promoted, in his own backward parish, trade unions, education and agrarian reform.

Both Father Melo and Sr. Veiga put forth a national socialist ideology typical of that held by most present opposition forces in Brazil. Americans tend to be more familiar with the ideology than with the conditions producing it. If revolution occurs, will they consider it another Communist victory, lumped with those of Cuba and Chile? And will the US government continue to remain on the side of the displaced conservatives in order to support the financial interests of our corporations?

Notable

Troubled Children in a Troubled World by Edith Buxbaum

(International Universities Press; $10)

Children work their magic on those psychoanalysts who choose to work with them – rather than listen to recollections of childhood put into "free associations" by grown-ups. Edith Buxbaum has some of the qualities both Anna Freud and Erik Erikson possess: she wants to look and describe rather than deal in long-winded, densely theoretical formulations; she is not afraid of a direct and straightforward way of writing; nor is she afraid to indicate that common sense, intuition, a sense of humor, and a degree of humility are needed by child analysts – however complicated and specialized their work has come to be.

Dr. Buxbaum was initially a schoolteacher, and in these days when one book after another criticizes our teachers and school systems, it is interesting to come into contact with her way of looking at children and their teachers. Without in the least denying the injustices and worse that plague our schools, she reminds us that fear and envy and meanness and anxiety (as well as curiosity and intelligence and sensitivity) are brought by boys and girls to school on the very first day of kindergarten – something any parent knows, but some of our social critics seem to forget as they blame just about everything on our schoolteachers and school officials, many of whom have to face the apathy or indifference or nastiness of parents who vote and visit schools and make their opinions heard. If it all sounds a little grim and gloomy and not quite like the vision Rousseau had, then Dr. Buxbaum stands with a host of novelists, poets, and theologians, who hope for the best, but never quite forget that man's constant struggle is with himself as much as the particular society he lives in. But Dr. Buxbaum is no narrow analyst, sheltered from the "troubled world" she insists upon mentioning in her book's title. She knows how responsive children are to the sly appeals of demagogues – the obvious and not-so-obvious kind. She wants us to see the possibilities in children, for the good and the bad – and she ends up being more hopeful about them than about our various societies whose leaders mouth one piety after another, and alas, are never told to cut it out and shut up, something many children might be "grown up" enough to feel like saying to those self-important men whose decisions often enough cause pain and sorrow for future generations.

The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes, Early Detective Stories Collected by Hugh Greene

(Pantheon; $6.95)

The Baroness Orczy is good with fashionable murders and thievings – crime was not for the lower classes much in those dear days – and a certain Arthur Morrison enjoyed scribbling up a swindle. There are also spy tales here, and one ghost story. The method chosen by editor Greene for selecting the thirteen stories, all written between 1891 and 1914, was surely designed to please antiquarian subscribers to *The Baker Street Review:* he concentrated on stories in which the detectives had "identifiable, or nearly identifiable, addresses in the London of the day." Greene even provides a list of the addresses at the end of his introduction, and a map of London. As for the detectives themselves, though none of them displays Sherlock's great powers with a clue, a couple of them are clever crooks.

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1970 Books by Editors, Former Editors and NR Contributors

Richard J. Barber: *The American Corporation* (Dutton)
Alexander M. Bickel: *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress* (Harper & Row)
Bruce Bliven: *Five Million Words Later* (John Day)
Kenneth E. Boulding: *Beyond Economics: Essays on Society, Religion, and Ethics* (University of Michigan Press)
Alexander Campbell: *Unbind Your Sons* (Liveright)
Robert Coles: *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work* (Atlantic-Little Brown)
Malcolm Cowley: *Many-Windowed House* (Southern Illinois Press)
John Kenneth Galbraith: *Scotch* (New American Library)
Who Needs the Democrats and What It Takes to be Needed (Doubleday)
Peter Gay: *Bridge of Criticism* (Harper & Row)
Robert L. Heilbroner: *Between Capitalism and Socialism* (Random House)
Townsend Hoopes: *The Limits of Intervention* (McKay)
Ralph E. Lapp: *Arms Beyond Doubt* (Cowles)
Walter Lippmann: *Walter Lippmann's Early Writings* (Liveright)
Hans J. Morgenthau: *Truth and Power: Essays of a Decade, 1960-1970* (Praeger)
Raymond Mungo: *Famous Long Ago* (Beacon)
Total Loss Farm: A Year in the Life (Dutton)
John Osborne: *The Nixon Watch* (Liveright)
James Ridgeway: *Closed Corporation* (Ballantine)
Politics of Ecology (Dutton)
Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg: *The Real Majority* (Coward-McCann)
John Seelye: *Melville: The Ironic Diagram* (Northwestern University Press)
The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Northwestern University Press)
Theodore Solotaroff: *Red Hot Vacuum* (Atheneum)
John Wain: *Letters to Five Artists* (Viking)
Winter in the Hills (Viking)
Reed Whittemore: *Fifty Poems Fifty* (University of Minnesota Press)

Correspondence

Legal Services

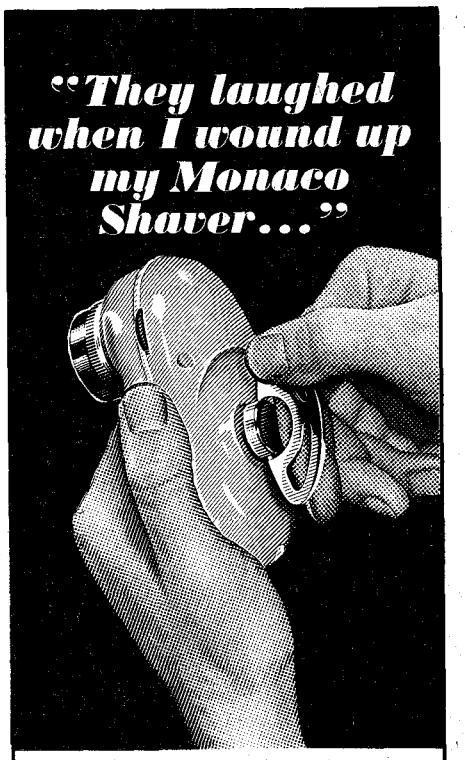
Sirs:

The article "Last Minute Rescue for Legal Aid?" by Ridgway M. Hall (November 21) was false, misleading, and unfair.

When the writer says Director Donald Rumsfeld of the Office of Economic Opportunity cut the budget for the Legal Services Program, he is simply defying the facts. The obligations for the Legal Services Program were $46 million in fiscal 1969, $53 million in fiscal 1970 and $61 million proposed (based on the President's budget request) for fiscal 1971. The number of cases handled by local Legal Services Projects rose from 610,000 in fiscal 1969 to an estimated 1.2 million in the current (1971) fiscal year.

Mr. Hall failed to do his homework on the Murphy amendment. He apparently thinks that the Quie-Green "amendment" was the House version of the Murphy amendment. The Murphy amendment, passed by the Senate, would have given state governors a veto over Legal Services Programs in their states. It was never put to a vote in the House, as he suggests. The Quie-Green substitute bill would have transferred most major OEO programs to control of the states. Although Mr. Hall chose to ignore it, Mr. Rumsfeld led a successful two-month struggle to prevent the Murphy amendment (and the Quie-Green Bill) from being passed by the Congress. Mr. Rumsfeld announced November 15 he had decided not to regionalize the Legal Services Program.

Mr. Hall describes the proposed regionalization plan as "disastrous" on the ground that OEO regional directors would be responsive to hostile political pressures from state and local officials who want to destroy Legal Services. The proposal to regionalize Legal Ser-



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vices was drafted as a genuine effort to improve the administration of the program, just as other OEO programs have been decentralized. The record does not indicate that OEO regional directors are less committed to the Legal Services Program or to the poor than others in the Agency. The concept of decentralizing Legal Services is not a radical new notion. Legal Services was decentralized during the Johnson Administration, during which time it grew and prospered. It was Rumsfeld who in mid-1969 returned administration of the program to Washington, and who elevated the program to separate and independent status, so that it would report directly to him.

L. J Churchville
Director, Public Affairs, OEO

In reply . . .

On appropriations, my figures like Mr. Churchville's came from OEO. What he fails to point out is that the $61 million figure is still not assured, and will be reduced by new expenses (including evaluation costs) which the program has not previously had to bear, not to mention the effects of inflation. The fact remains that Legal Services programs around the country are planning to cut offices and personnel because of insufficient funds. Even the $61 million figure is $29 million below what Legal Services Director Terry Lenzner determined is needed to continue the program's successful operations. That the number of cases handled rose from 610,000 two years ago to an estimated 1.2 million in the current fiscal year is a resounding tribute not to the now-replaced Mr. Rumsfeld, who had nothing to do with it, but to the dynamic leadership of Terry Lenzner.

As to the Murphy and Quie-Green Amendments, while there were some differences between the bills, the purpose was the same, namely, to give the governors control. It is true that Rumsfeld joined Lenzner in opposing these bills a year ago, which makes Rumsfeld's later switch in response to political pressures all the more sad.

Mr. Churchville's claim that regionalization was designed to "improve the administration of the program" is an unsupported allegation, contradicted by reason and experience. OEO Regional Directors have many programs to manage and in most cases have no legal training. They will necessarily be less qualified and less committed to furnishing effective legal assistance to the poor than the Legal Services Directors, all of whom are lawyers. They are also more susceptible to pressure from state politicians with whom the Administration wants to curry favor.

In stating that Rumsfeld decided not to "regionalize" Legal Services, Mr. Churchville tells less than the whole story. Rumsfeld backed off regionalization only after strong protest from Congress, the American Bar Association, and a range of public-spirited organizations and individuals who were outraged at his attempt to cripple the program by handing it over to people with interests adverse to those of the very persons the program is designed to serve. At the same time, Rumsfeld ordered into effect what was called "decentralization" regulations. After an exhaustive analysis of these new regulations, the Citizen's Advocate Center, a Washington public interest law firm, concluded that:

> The new procedures achieve the precise results which made the proposed regionalization so objectionable, and indeed, go considerably beyond the proposed regionalization in destroying the administrative independence of the Legal Services Program. . . . The new procedures were developed and promulgated in such a manner as to bypass entirely both the Legal Services staff of OEO and the National Advisory Committee (which is the agency's official internal vehicle for consultation with the organized bar).

As for the charge of "misleading," consider that four days after decentralization, Rumsfeld fired Lenzner and his deputy, Frank Jones, coupling this with an announcement of support from the President of the American Bar Association, Edward Wright. Wright immediately denied any support for the firings, and Rumsfeld later issued a statement acknowledging that the "impression" created by his prior statement was "unintentional and, in any case, is inaccurate."

Ridway M. Hall, Jr.

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Kauffmann, *from page 18*

Cassevetes has done everything he can to distend and muddy it, to falsify it with a sentimental reliance on artlessness to create greater Truth. As usual in these cases, the artlessness comes out merely as crude art.

His method, which he has used before in *Shadows* and *Faces*, seems closer here in spirit to the Warhol-Morrissey method in *Trash:* improvisation by actors on a story line (to their own amusement, a good deal of the time), "free" shooting instead of planned shots, with a great deal of vomiting and sweating and tussling to make it good and gutsy. These are plushy suburbanites, instead of East Villagers, but the spiritual anguish is about as deep as in *Trash*. The only really interesting sequence is a fight between Gazzara and his wife.

Cassavetes has added a certain pulpiness to his visual quality, overripe color, squishy focus, enormous close-ups that make faces look like rotten fruit about to drop. And he has evidently spent a great deal of time trying to cut and edit and arrange his "free" footage into the organic form it might have had more effectively if he had made the picture from a prepared script, with shots that were designed.

For a time – and the time gets briefer as these pictures multiply – there is some small pleasure in the supposedly free form, but eventually I'm put off by the essentially sophomoric belief that this approach avoids artifice, more nearly approximates life, and really *utilizes* cinema. The real result is fun-and-games for some actors, deadly repetition of trite dialogue, fuzziness of points, and a seemingly last-minute attempt to put it all in the order with which it might have started.

As in his previous films, Cassavetes' truth contains some arrant falsity. These three men latch on to two sets of three women in London as neatly as the separated husband and wife in *Faces* each found a partner for the night. And these three men, who go to London on the spur of the moment, acquire perfectly fitted wardrobes like *that*. RKO in 1935 couldn't have arranged matters more deftly.

Nothing in *Husbands* is as good as Lynn Carlin's performance in *Faces*. In fact, after the superficial candor evaporates, there is very little here at all; at very great length.

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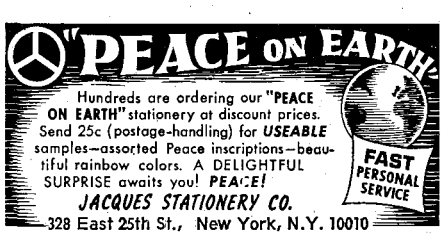
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